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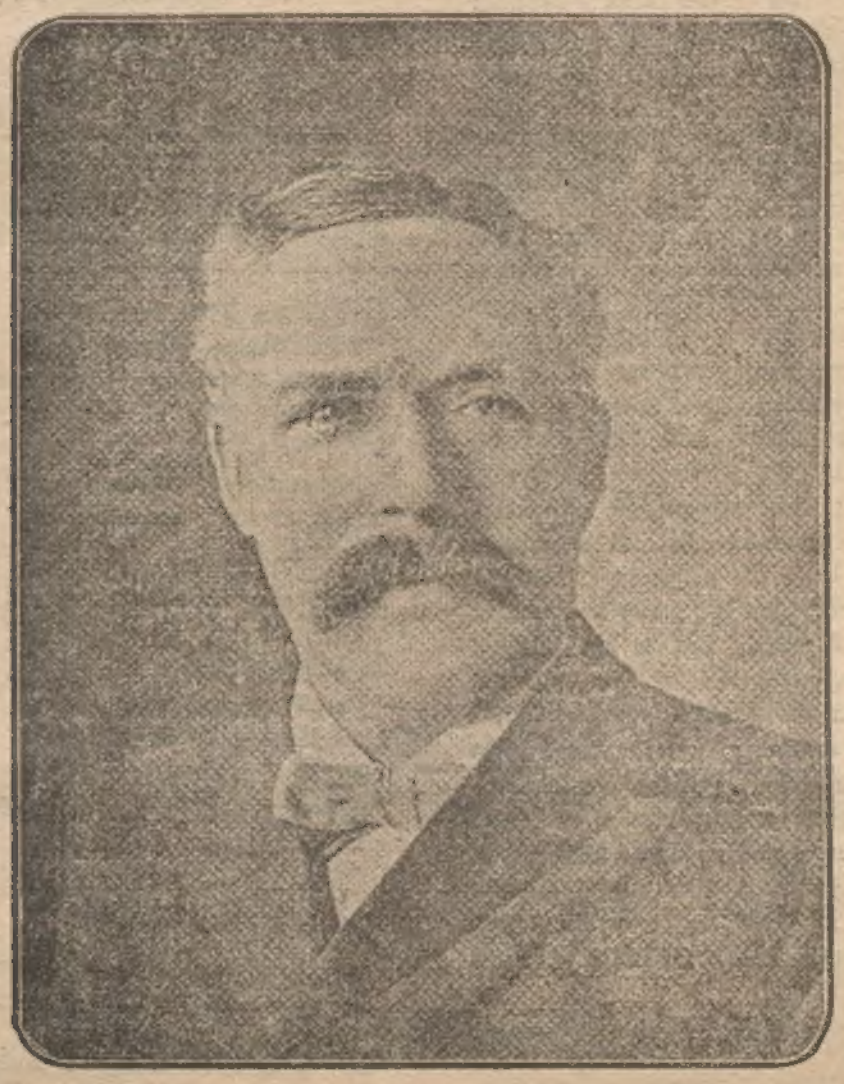
From Guardsman to Missioner

[The London (England) 'Christian Age' gives the following account of the life and work of a man whose name is a household word across the water, and who is also well and favorably known on this side. It is interesting to know that Mr. Lane's brother, Mr. F. T. Lane, is now, and has been for the past twelve or fifteen years, working for the Lord among the heathen in Angola, West Central Africa. In face much like his brother, Mr. F. T. Lane is a 'muscular Christian,' too, and in early life was connected with the London Metropolitan Police force. The two brothers form a striking example of the diverse leading of 'One and the self-same spirit.']



MR. W. R. LANE. THE WELL-KNOWN EVANGELIST.

Most of the famous evangelists of to-day can look back upon a stirring and interesting career. Gipsy Smith, one of the greatest soul-winners at the present time, was once a seller of clothes-pegs; Josiah Nix was in business at Oxford; Ned Wright was formerly a pugilist, while W. R. Lane, the subject of this sketch, has the unique experience of having been a private soldier in the Coldstream Guards.

To-day, as one of the special missioners of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, Mr. W. R. Lane is well-known throughout the country as a successful revivalist. He is particularly noted for his great work among men—one of the best proofs of a successful evangelist. Before describing the methods and scope of Mr. Lane's work, it may be interesting to recall a few details of his romantic life story.

He was born at Farnborough, in Kent, about fifty years ago. As a young fellow he fell into careless ways, and gave no heed to spiritual matters. When seventeen years of age, he became a Volunteer, which was the means of his ultimately entering the army. The drill instructor of the corps was an old Coldstream Guardsman, and so interested the young Volunteer in this particular regiment that when he was eighteen, young Lane enlisted as a private in the ranks of the 2nd Coldstream Guards. A fine young fellow, he speedily became very popular with his fellow soldiers, and also fell into some of their evil practices, of which gambling was the chief. Private Lane soon became as keen a gambler as any of them. But 'God moves in a mysterious way,' and his gambling habits were to pave the way for his conversion. Here is the thrilling story of the change. The regiment was stationed at Windsor. One day Lane and some companions were seated round the card-table. He had come to his last copper. Presently a Christian soldier named Bachelor approached the gaming table, and offered the men some cards. They were tickets of admission to a religious meeting. 'Won't you take one, Lane?' asked the soldier. Lane had literally staked his last penny, and exclaimed, 'Well, I may as well have one.'

Private Lane attended the meeting, which was held in old National Schoolroom, and here he was deeply convicted of sin. He entered a room at the back of the hall at the close of the meeting, and, after converse and prayer, there and then gave himself to Christ.

Then came the greatest struggle of his life. The soldiers soon knew of Lane's conversion, and upbraided and mocked him mercilessly, but the young soldier of Christ stuck bravely to his colors. Often when kneeling on the cold barrack-room floor in prayer, pieces of hard bread and other missiles were hurled at him. Yet his testimony did not end here, for within three months of his conversion about forty soldiers at Windsor had come out and openly confessed Christ, and the young private became an active worker on the side of the Gospel as long as he remained in the Army. He had been a soldier only four and a half years when he purchased his discharge, and had risen to the rank of corporal.

Making his headquarters in London for the next ten years, he actively identified himself with the Union Hall Mission, and labored in the difficult district of Paddington and Kensal Town, which, at that time, contained many squalid slums. Mr. Lane met the late D. L. Moody on his last visit to England, and at the request of the famous evangelist, visited America during the year of the World's Fair in Chicago, to give Bible reading to the students at the Chicago Training Institute. Mr. Lane also conducted successful missions in the States and Canada.

For a number of years Mr. Lane was actively identified with the work of the Y.M.C.A., the veteran president of which, Sir George Williams, was also treasurer of the private council with which Mr. Lane was connected at that time. Other members of this council included Lord Kinnaird, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, Dr. Munro Gibson, and other influential Free Churchmen. The purpose of the Council was to relieve Mr. Lane from anxiety in financial matters, and to give him the support that his work merited.

Then came the appointment to the Free Church Council in 1898. Since then Mr. Lane, along with his colleagues, Gipsy Smith and the Rev. J. Tolefree Parr, has had a most successful career as a missioner, and has visited nearly every part of England and Wales, his campaigns lasting from one to several weeks. These are in themselves what may be termed miniature revivals. A certain town or village is selected as the centre of the mission, or a church in these districts may apply for Mr. Lane's services for a mission lasting a week or a fortnight. The latter are often fixed up many months ahead, and when once the mission is arranged for, the church which is to be its headquarters begins active preparations. Prayer meetings are held daily, and the whole district becomes full of the expected revival. Then, when the missioner arrives he finds the church in a splendid condition to receive the message, and numerous converts are the result.

The late Dr. Mackennal, a competent judge of men and missions, once paid a very high tribute to Mr. Lane's work as a missioner. The latter had been conducting a mission at Dr. Mackennal's church at Altringham. 'He is a singularly virile evangelist,' wrote Dr. Mackennal 'With very little sentiment, he makes appeal to the conscience principally, and he is emphatically a reasonable man. He does not attempt to overbear the judgment, or force the will to spasmodic action. He is is very happy in his Scripture passages brought in for proofs.'

As we have already remarked, Mr. Lane is particularly successful in his work among men. At Swindon, during a mission in March of this year, the railway employees, to the number of many hundreds, flocked to his mid-day services. It was a wonderful sight, Mr. Lane has said, to witness these railway men, in their corduroy suits, many straight from their labor and willing to give up their dinner hour for a Gospel service, listening eagerly to the Word of Life.

Mr. Lane is a muscular Christian, and his manly bearing and sturdy character at once attract an audience. His soldier experiences have not been without their value now that he is in the service of the army of the King of kings.

Brightness in the Hospital Wards.

We take the following from a letter to the editor of 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers,' by Mrs. Simpson, wife of the good doctor, who during the winter has charge of St. Anthony Hospital, and during the summer, of India Harbor Hospital, Labrador:—

'St. Anthony Hospital.—We have had a busy winter, not so much strictly professional as an all-round organizing—one thing delighted me very much when I made a tour of the linen cupboards—viz., the red and white quilts I asked for through the medium of your paper winter before last. They are lovely, and I lost no time in getting them in my wards as a sort of figurehead to the prettiness of them. I wonder am I wrong in always urging that wards should be pretty? I think not, for what one sees from a sick bed either acts like a medicine or otherwise—don't you think so? This year we have been enamelling all the chairs and tables white—they look charming! My ambition now is some pots of ferns or flowers, but I fear that is beyond us, unless they be artificial. Although late, I must thank you for the generous response my appeal met with. I often wish I could thank everybody personally and tell them how all their gifts do us good; but that is impossible.'

Taking a Temper.

(The Rev. Howard W. Pope, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Said one man to another, 'I have always supposed that, if one became a Christian, he would escape many misfortunes which come to others and would have a life of peace and prosperity. In fact, I believe there is a promise that all things shall work together for good to them that love God.

'Since you have started on this line, however, I have watched your career carefully, and it seems to me that you have fared worse than you did before you were a Christian. First you lost all your property; then your wife was sick; then your daughter had spinal meningitis, and will never be well again; then a horse kicked you and broke your kneepan, which laid you on the bed for six months; and, when you got off, you had a stiff leg, and will always be lame, I suppose. Now how do you account for all this trouble? If your God is so good to his people as you say he is, why does he permit these disasters to come upon you?'

'Well,' said the man addressed, 'I don't know that I can account for these things to your satisfaction, but I think I can to my own. You know that I am a blacksmith. I often take a piece of iron, and put it into the fire, and bring it to a white heat. Then I put it on the anvil, and strike it once or twice to see if it will take a temper. If I think it will, I plunge it into the water and suddenly change the temperature. Then I put it into the fire again, and again I plunge it into the water. This I repeat several times. Then I put it on the anvil, and hammer it, and bend it, and rasp, and file it, and make some useful article which I put into a carriage, where it will do good work for twenty-five years. If, however, when I first strike it on the anvil, I think it will not take a temper, I throw it into the scrap-heap, and sell it at the price of junk, for a quarter of a cent a pound.

'Now, I believe that my heavenly Father has been testing me to see if I will take a temper. He has put me into the fire and into the water. I have tried to bear it just as patiently as I could, and my daily prayer has been, "Lord, put me into the fire if you will; put me into the water if you think I need it; do anything you please, O Lord; only for Christ's sake don't throw me into the scrap-heap."'

I wish I could describe to you the fine temper which this man has taken. He has come out of the furnace with a shining face which is an inspiration to all who meet him. His worldly affairs have prospered, but in his prosperity he has not forgotten God, but spends his money for him with lavish hand. Though he is an untaught man, yet people of culture are glad to invite him to their homes, and frequently to their pulpits, that they may sit at his feet and learn what God has taught him. His quaint illustrations, and keen common sense, and profound spiritual knowledge have shed light upon the pathway of many a perplexed soul, and have led many a wanderer into the paths of peace. Yes, he has taken a keen temper, and God is using him to wield mightly blows in the world's great conflict.

Perhaps this incident may bring comfort to some who are encountering obstacles and meeting with frequent disappointment. These trials may be simply God's way of testing you to see whether you will take a temper. Do not regard them as a penalty for wrong-doing, but rather as a preparation for higher and for better service.

'Fate frowned upon me in my thoughtless youth;
I shrank in fear; I trembled 'neath the rod;
But life hath taught me well this deeper truth;
The frowns of fate are but the smiles of God.'

LABRADOR MISSION.

The publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' will be glad to receive at their office and forward to Dr. Grenfell any sums sent in by subscribers or readers of this paper for the general work of this worthy mission. Send by money order, postal note, or registered letter, addressed as follows:—'Northern Messenger,' John Dougall and Son. 'Witness' Building, Montreal. All amounts will be acknowledged on this page. Sums under fifty cents may be sent in two-cent stamps. Subscriptions to the 'Messenger' Cot may be similarly addressed, and will be acknowledged on the Correspondence Page.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR GENERAL FUND.

Elwood Union Sunday-school, Austin, Man., $3.40; Children's Concert, Glenwood, $2; A. D. H., $2; A Helper, Halls Prairie, B.C., $2; A Little Girl, St. John, N.B., $1; total this week, $9.40.

'Please, it's me, Jesus.'

At a religious meeting in the south of London, a timid little girl wanted to come to Jesus, and she said to the gentleman conducting the meeting, 'Will you pray for me in the meeting, please? But do not mention my name.' In the meeting, when every head was bowed, this gentleman prayed, 'O Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul, Lord.' There was a perfect silence, then away in the back of the meeting, a little voice said, 'Please, it's me, Jesus —it's me!'—'Christian Herald.'

Lord Jesus, Thou Hast Taken.

(Sequel to 'Consecration Hymn.' F. R. H.)

(Edith Gilling Cherry.)

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
This fleeting life of mine,
That it may be a mirror,
Wherein Thy life shall shine.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
My moments, and my days,
And tuned them to the key-note
Of Thine unending praise.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
These feeble hands of mine,
And laid Thine own upon them,
To work Thy plans Divine.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
My restless wandering feet,
To go, or stay, henceforward,
Just as Thou seest meet.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
This voice of faltering tone,
To sing amid life's discords
For Thee, and Thee alone.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
My lips, that they may be
Touched with Thy fire and laden
With messages for Thee.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
My silver and my gold
To spend but at Thy bidding—
A trust from Thee to hold.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
All powers of mind, or brain,
To use but for the Giver;
Ne'er for myself again.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
This wayward will of mine;
Not crushing it, nor breaking,
But blending it with Thine.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
My heart Thy throne to be—
O loving ,tender Saviour,
Whose own heart broke for me!

Lord Jesus, Thou hast taken
My love, and so I rest;
All love grown purer, truer,
For loving Thee the best.
Lord Jesus, thou hast taken
Myself, and sealed me
Thine only, all and ever;
'Yea, 'Set apart' for Thee.

—From 'The Master's Secret,' and other poems.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

BOYS AND GIRLS

What's the use of Worrying?

What's the use of worrying?
  Fretting doesn't pay.
What's the use of hurrying?
  It's the slowest way.
Half the fears that worry you
  Never will come true;
Then why let them flurry you,
  As you daily do?

Live your life out easily,
  Then it will be long,
Take what happens breezily,
  Laugh and sing a song!
Don't waste strength on worrying
  Over phantom ills;
Don't waste time in hurrying,
  That's the pace that kills.

Willie Dale's Trial.

Willie Dale made the effort. It was his first night at boarding school, and being accustomed to perform his toilet for the night in a more leisurely manner than his companions, he was the last to enter bed. He had noticed with surprise that none of his roommates had knelt to pray before lying down, and therefore felt some embarrassment in performing what was to him so matter-of-course an action. There was a stifled giggle from one or two of the beds, and then a slipper, aimed at Wilile's kneeling form, came flying across the room, but a hand shot out from the bed nearest to him and caught the missile before it reached its mark.

Unconscious of the hostile act, the little boy in a few minutes rose from his knees. 'Shall I put out the gas, Jarvis?' he inquired of his neighbor.

'No,' replied Jarvis gruffly. 'Marshall comes round and does that.'

'Good-night;' said W,llie, jumping into bed.

No one responded, but a voice from the further end of the room observed, 'I say, you new fellow, you'll have to drop that; we don't go in for humbug here.'

'Drop what?' asked Willie, in surprise.

'Why, saying your prayers, and that sort of thing. Juvenile piety doesn't pay; you'll have to drop it, young fellow, or we'll make you.'

'I shall not give it up,' replied Willie; 'it is right to do it. I promised—' and he was about to add 'my mother,' but stopped himself.

'Promised his mammy! I thought so.' A rude burst of laughter followed, and Willie's face grew crimson; but at this moment footsteps were heard approaching, and a teacher entered the room.

'No more talking, boys,' said Mr. Marshall, as he put out the light and nothing further was said that night.

'Say, Dale,' said Jarvis, happening to come across Willie alone the next morning, 'if you take my advice, you'll have to give in, in the end.'

'I can't give up saying my prayers, Jarvis, if that is what you mean,' replied Willie.

'Why can't you say them in bed, then?'

'Wouldn't that look like being ashamed of doing right—ashamed of Christ?'

Jarvis stared. 'Oh, if you come to that,' he began nervously. 'But, I say, Dale, schoolboys can't be so mightily particular.'

He turned away, and Willie Dale shouldering his bat proceeded on his way to the playground. He rose many degrees in the opinion and favor of his schoolfellows that day, by the unexpected spirit and style of his ball-playing.

'He's no milksop, at any rate, and won't be such an awful bad fellow when we've knocked the nonsense and piety out of him,' remarked Holt, the hero of the slipper, to Jarvis.

'I advise you to let Dale alone, Holt; you won't find him an easy fellow to manage,' said Jarvis.

That night, and for several following ones, Willie's kneeling down by his bedside was the signal for all manner of disturbances and petty persecutions from his room-mates. They made all the noise they dared, and a volley of slippers, wet sponges, books, water and brushes flew across the room. Willie, though he must have received many a hard knock, took no notice. At last, however, a well-aimed shoe struck him on the temple, and a drop of blood fell on the sheet. Jarvis sprang out of bed.

'Look here, you fellows,' he shouted, 'I'm not going to stand this any longer; you'll just give over bullying Dale, or I'll know the reason why.'

A laugh, and a book aimed at himself, was the derisive answer. Jarvis sprang at his assailant, and after a short struggle threw him down, nd would have punished him severely, had not a teacher's step at that moment been heard, and the combatants dived into their respective beds. As soon as Mr. Marshall was well out of earshot, Jarvis raised his head from his pillow, and said:

'Once for all, Holt, and you other fellows, if you don't let Dale alone, you'll have me to deal with; I've made up my mind to stop this, and you all know what I say I'll do.'

That was the turning-point in Willie's favor, for the next night, to the surprise of his companions and the intense joy of Willie, Jarvis himself knelt down at the side of his bed and buried his face in his hands. No one ventured to make a remark, for Jarvis was both liked and respected by all.

One by one the boys fell into Willie's ways, for he was such a manly little fellow that, after the mischievous and cruel conduct that was at first directed toward him, had died all away, his companions came to know and respect him for his true worth.

Jarvis continued to prove himself the real staunch friend that he was, and through his efforts a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was organized by the boys of the school, that exerted a wholesome influence upon the lives of all its members.

All this came to pass because one little boy was true to God, true to the teachings of his faithful mother and true to himself.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

How to Save the Drowning.

Now that the bathing—for boys it is the 'swimming'—season is here, a few practical suggestions about the rescuing of drowning persons may help to save lives.

If the rescuer be held by the wrists he must turn both of his arms simultaneously against the drowning persons's thumbs and bring his arms at right angles to the body, thus dislocating the thumbs of the drowning person if he does not let go.

You can try this on land or in the water, and you will find it impossible for any one to hold you, but take care to learn it properly before you start challenging.

If the rescuer be clutched round the neck he should take a deep breath and lean well over the drowning person, at the same time place the left hand in the small part of his back, raise the right arm in line with the shoulder and pass it over his arms, then pinch the nostrils close with the fingers and at the same time place the palm of the hand on the chin and then push away with all possible force.

The holding of the nose will make the drowning man open his mouth for breathing.

Being under water, choking will ensue, and the rescuer will gain complete control.

Should the rescuer be clutched round the body and arms or round the body only—a rather improbable position, but one which may occur—he should lean well over the drowning person, take a breath and either withdraw both arms in an upward direction in front of his body or act in accordance with the instructions for releasing oneself if held round the neck.

In either case the rescuer should place the one hand on the drowning man's shoulder and the palm of the other hand against his chin, at the same time bringing the knee up against the lower part of his chest, and then by means of a strong and sudden push stretch the arms and legs straight out and throw the whole weight of the body backward.

This action will break the clutch and leave the rescuer free.

Many a gallant person has lost his life just through lack of knowledge of these simple and effective methods of releasing oneself from the drowning, yet with a little study and frequent practice in the water even a moderate swimmer can go out fearlessly to aid others.—'Homeless Boys' Friend.'

The Story of the Faith.

SOME CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE EARLY CENTURIES.

(Retold for Children, by Lucy Taylor, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

CHAPTER II.—ORIGEN THE PREACHER, AND CYRIL THE BOY-MARTYR.

(Concluded.)

While Cyprian was watching over his flock at Carthage, another good man was teaching and preaching in Alexandria. His name was Origen. He was not a bishop, but he was a very learned man, and had taken a great deal of pains to study the Scriptures, and loved to teach others about them, for, before the Bible was printed, very few people could read it or have a copy of their own.

Origen had learned to love the Gospels when a little boy, for his father, Leonides, was a Christian, and read to him about Jesus Christ, and taught him every day some verses by heart. Leonides suffered as a martyr, and his boy would gladly have died with him, and, indeed, often ran into needless danger, but he escaped death when a great many others were killed, and helped and comforted the persecuted Christians. Often when he was following martyrs to execution Origen's own life was in great peril, and once he was nearly stoned to death. Another day he was attacked by a number of Pagans and taken into the great temple of Serapis, where he was forced to wear the robes of a priest of the false god, and palm branches were given him to distribute among the people, in honor of the idol. Origen gave away the palms tc the crowd, but as he did so, he said, 'Take this palm of triumph, but it is not the palm of the idol, but the palm of Christ.'

Origen travelled a great deal in Palestine

and Asia Minor, and wrote many books, and at last, when he was an old man of seventy, he was called to lay down his life for Christ's sake. Origen was then at Caesarea in Palestine, and when the emperor commanded all Christians to renounce their faith he took refuge, for a time, at Tyre. But he was so well known that he was soon sought out and taken prisoner, and he joyfully accepted the honor that he had so much desired when a child, that of suffering as a martyr for Christ. Origen was bound fast with heavy chains and thrown into a dark dungeon, and cruelly tortured on the rack. An iron collar, too, was put round his neck, and his feet, like Joseph's, were 'hurt with fetters.' But through all this suffering, and with the threat of a fiery death held out to him, the old man still kept true to his Master, Jesus Christ, and at last he died in prison, utterly worn out with pain and infirmity, his last thoughts and his prayers being given to his Christian brethren. His tomb at Tyre was long regarded by them as a sacred spot.

At one time, when Origen was at Caesarea, teaching and preaching about Jesus, a heathen man named Gregory, who was related to the governor, went to hear him. He was so pleased with Origen's teaching that he attended his instructions for a long time and became a Christian, and when he returned to his home in Cappadocia, Origen wrote him a letter, telling him to teach others what he had learned himself, and to seek always for the guidance of the Holy Spirit of God. Gregory did so, and nearly all the people in Neo-Caesarea, the city where he lived, became Christians.

It was either in this city or in the other Caesarea in Palestine that Cyril, the brave boy-martyr, gave up his life for Jesus' sake. Cyril was the child of heathen parents, but he had heard of Jesus Christ and had learned to love him, and not only forsook his idols, but made no secret about offering prayer to the God of the Christians. Cyril's playmates laughed at him and tormented him, and when his father discovered what he had done he turned him out of his house.

The Roman judge heard of it and sent for the boy to be brought before him. No doubt he thought that the child would soon give up his wayward fancy, and he offered, therefore, to pardon his folly, and told him that his father would take him back if he ceased worshipping Jesus, and that some day he would have all his father's land and money for his own. But Cyril was not to be tempted; he would not forsake his faith. 'If I am turned out of my home,' said he, 'God will receive me into a better house, and if I am called to suffer death he will take me to eternal life.'

The judge then told the soldier to bind the boy and lead him away to the fire, pretending that he was to be executed at once, and thinking that he would be so frightened at the sight of the flames that he would return to idolatry. But Cyril looked at the fire and the sword without shrinking, and as the soldiers had orders not to kill him, they led him back to the judge, who told him that he would be very foolish if he persevered in his disobedience to Roman law. But, to his surprise, the boy replied,' 'I am not afraid of your fire or your sword. I have a good home to go to in heaven, and great riches there. Put me to death as soon as you like, that I may go and enjoy them,' and seeing the people who stod by weeping, he added, 'You should rejoice, not weep, for $I am going to a glorious city.'

When the judge found that he could not break down the faith of even so young a disciple who trusted in Jesus, he sent him to execution in earnest, and Cyril died in the sight of a wondering crowd, a faithful child-martyr for Christ's sake, bearing himself as bravely as any bishop or apostle, because filled with strength and courage given by the Saviour whom Polycarp, and Ignatius, and Cyprian had served, the Saviour who had said to those who would follow him, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.'

[For the 'Messenger,' by one of our younger readers.

How Wynnie's Bread Returned.

(Kathleen Black.)

'They've started to come already, Auntie!' cried Wynnie Rayburn, bouncing into the 'sunny south sewing-room,' as Wynnie, who loved alliteration, called it. Aunt Bettina, sitting at the sewing-machine, looked up mildly, not at all startled by this miniature tornado.

'Who has started to come, dear?' she asked, biting off her thread, regardless of the teachings of 'Gage's Health Series' on 'Care of the Teeth.'

Wynnie threw her cap into a capacious armchair, dashed the hair from her eyes, and then calmly seated herself on the cap; then she said: 'Why the returns, Auntie; you know my verse this morning was "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to thee after many days." Ithought I'd try the experiment—I didn't expect it to return until "after many days," though.'

Aunt Bettina smiled encouragingsly. Wynnie's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright, so with these signals flying she knew that her little niece was fairly bubbling over with a story. Auntie nodded and Wynnie began.

'Well, you see, Auntie, it's this way.' Here her color heightened and she looked extremely uncomfortable over something, so Auntie, with her usual tact, kept her eyes studiously fixed upon the dainty pink muslin she was making for Wynnie, and patiently waited for the little girl to recover.

'You see, Auntie Bettina, I told you yesterday that a new girl had started to school; she's just my age, and her name's Rhoda Ross. Teacher told her to sit with me, and I was so glad! I s'posed we'd be great friends, but (impatiently tossing back her brown curls) whenever I spoke to her she just put her fingers to her lips like this—' and Wynnie's inky fingers were pressed against her lips—'and wouldn't speak a word. Well, of course the other girls noticed it and set her down for a prig—one of those girls that's always trying to be better'n other people, you know.' Wynnie was so animated that she forgot her grammar.

'So of course,' she continued, 'when recess came we thorght we'd let her alone, kind of, just to give her a chance to show us how superior she could be, at least I think that's what Amy Leland said.

'We played skipping—double rope, you know—and nobody asked Rhoda to play, so, after she had looked at us for a while she went back into school, and when we came in we found her studying her lesson all alone. It was just the same in the afternoon. Nobody spoke to Rhoda, and she was left pretty well to herself; so, when I came home from school last night I had a pretty poor opinion of her.'

Aunt Bettina was smiling softly, and Wynnie thought she was the best person in the world, except, of course, mother, to understand, as she went on.

'This morning I got up late, so I just read the first verse my eye rested on when I opened my Bible. I didn't see much lesson in it at first—just remembered when we went to the park at Victoria and threw bread to the swans in the miniature lake. That bread didn't get a chance to return, I can tell you,' and Wynnie laughed roguishly. 'While I was eating my breakfast the thought came to me that the bread meant kind deeds (mother's bread always does remind me of something nice), so I picked some Russian violets out of my own garden to give Rhoda.

'When I got to school the girls were skipping in the yard, and Rhoda was in her seat, looking terrible lonesome. When I saw her I felt very sorry for her, for her eyes were red, as if she'd been crying a long time. I felt awfully small and mean when I gave her the violets; but she was so pleased with them. And then I felt meaner than ever, 'cause she said she was just boarding here, and only knows one person in the whole town. I guess she's terribly homesick. But, oh! Auntie, she makes just lovely poetry. This is some of it,' and Wynnie fished out of her pocket a crumpled torn piece of paper, which bore the marks of many fingers, and read:—

TO A ROBIN.

'Robin Redbreast in the tree,
Won't you come and sing to me?
Sing about a lily bell,
In the meadow, down the dell.
Sing of birds, and beasts, and flowers
Sing about your native bowers,
And of birdlings in the nest,
Sheltered safe, beneath your breast
Little Robin in the tree,
Please do come and sing to me.'

'There, now, isn't that a case of "bread returning after many days"? and Wynnie took her cap and ran out to play ball with her brother Eric.

A Champion Diver.

How many of you boys and girls have ever seen a loon or heard the wild uncanny laugh of one? Loons are big birds like a goose, although quite different in shape. Unlike a goose, they are almost helpless on land, but in the water—my, you should see them there. They can remain under water for a very long time, so long you sometimes wonder if something has not happened to them. One day this spring a friend of mine while fishing in Cape Cod bay, off the coast of Massachusetts, pulled up his line to find a loon fast to the hook. The bird had evidently intended to eat the bait on the hook. The baited hook lay at the bottom and the water by actual measurement was sixty-six feet deep. A pretty good dive, was it not?—Exchange.

Her Investment.

(Sarah I. Tenney, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Hester St. John, stenographer to the great mercantile house of 'Ernart Brothers,' sat at her office desk, smilingly contemplating a long row of figures over which she had been poring for the last half hour.

Her countenance was so expressive of extreme satisfaction, that, as her employer entered the room with his customary 'Good morning,' he added, 'You look as though you had received good tidings.'

'Better than that, sir,' returned the young lady, 'I feel I have made a good decision. At least it is an important one. I have decided to make an investment.'

'Ah,' said the old gentleman at once deeply

interested, 'I trust it will prove a wise one, but go cautiously, my child. I know you to be a young woman of excellent judgment and of unusual business sagacity. But I have seen older and more experienced persons than you severely bitten in such transactions. Don't you make too large a venture.'

'O, I am sure to realize on it, sir,' was the confident reply, 'I have figured it all out.'

'I hope so, certainly,' responded her employer heartily, as he turned toward his own desk.

Meanwhile the other members of the firm—there were three brothers in all—had entered the office, and for some hours nothing was heard but the low dictating of business correspondence, and the steady 'click,' 'click' of the typewriters. When the noon hour arrived and employers and employed prepared to go to lunch, the senior partner detained Miss St. John a moment on her way out.

'I wish to say to you,' he explained, drawing her a little one side, 'that my brothers are intending to run over to London before long to look after our business interests there, and as they will be gone a couple of months, the pressure will not be so great at this end of the line. So I think we can extend your usual fortnight's vacation a little and make it a month in all. Mr. Wynn can take care of your work and his own during the time.' Hester's face glowed with pleasure, but before she could speak her thanks, he employer continued: 'I also have always felt you deserved extra remuneration for the excellent work you did for us in that foreign business transaction, and here it is,' he ended abruptly, slipping an envelope into her hand.

'Oh, Mr. Ernart, you are too kind! How can I ever thank you!' exclaimed the grateful Hester.

'Tut, tut, child, say no more, it is only your just due,' returned the gentleman, adding with a sly twinkle in his eye, 'Perhaps it will help you out on the investment.'

Once out of sight of the office, Hestor eagerly examined the envelope and found it to contain a cheque for fifty dollars. With a cry of delight she said to herself, 'I can surely do it now without any risk, and it certainly must be right, or God would never have given me the extra money and the extended vacation.'

Cutting off by nearly one half the hour for the noontide rest, Hester hurried back to her desk and employed her extra time in penning five daintly little notes which she severally sealed, addressed and put into the mail box to be posted at the next mail. As a result of all this correspondence we behold her five or six weeks later, seated in a charming little seaside cottage at one of the less frequented summer resorts. About her is gathered a group of five young girls with smiling faces and eager voices all trying to talk at once.

'Oh, Miss St. John,' exclaimed one, 'just see these wonderful shells I picked up on the beach! Every one is a different pattern. Mother will be so glad. She has often told me how she used to gather shells on the shore when she was a child, and how she longed to see some again.'

'I will arrange a little cabinet for you, my dear, and show you how to mount them so they will still further gladden your mother's heart,' was Miss St. John's smiling reply.

'Look! Miss St. John,' eagerly cried another holding up a large bunch of the exquisite Irish moss. 'Isn't it just beautiful?'

'It is, indeed,' was the cordial response, 'and more than that it is extremely useful. We will dry it thoroughly and it will make delicious blanc-mange for our tea some night. You can all gather a quantity to carry home and I will show you how to prepare it. It is so simple and yet so nutritious for an invalid.' Another girl had gathered a large bouquet of the island grasses and wild flowers, which were really beautiful. 'We will have them on our dining table to grace our meals,' suggested the wise Miss St. John. Still a fourth girl produced some curiously twisted pieces of wood, evidently portions of wreckage moulded by the action of the waves into most fantastic shapes. These were hung upon the walls of the cottage as ornaments, or placed on shelves as bric-a-brac. For her own contribution to the general collection, Hester had gathered some unusual specimens of rock and curious formations of coal which had been imbedded for years in the sand. These served as a basis for geological talks and scientific investigations which daily she held with her young wards. Only one of the five girls had failed to respond to Miss St. John's suggestion that each should find some object of interest to adorn the cottage; and that one was Jennie Ross, the lame girl. Poor Jennie had never walked without crutches, and never very far with them. Her general health was of the frailest, and her pale, delicate countenance, together with the appealing look in her dark earnest eyes, went right to one's heart. Miss St. John had entertained a very wise motive in including Jennie among her seaside guests, aside from the physical benefit and personal pleasure to the young girl herself. She wished to call out the benevolent activities of the others toward one so much weaker than themselves, and impress upon them the fact, that although they were hard working girls themselves, and seemed deprived of much that was desirable, in their narrow, cramped lives, yet they had the greatest of blessings in their youthful health and strength, and their ability to roam at will among the delightful scenes of nature. She was not disappointed in her anticipations. As the four healthy, romping girls roamed daily along the beach or sported in the cool waves of the ocean, or took long trips across the sand dunes, only to return and find Jennie practically in the same place where they had left her, their hearts warmed with pity and love toward the poor, lame girl and they never returned without some token of their tender remembrance of her affliction. And their own lot seemed less hard in contrast.

It will be surmised by this time what Hester St. John's 'investment' really was. These girls with four others belonged to her mission class in the great city beyond. It had for some time been her dream to give them this outing, only whereas, she had planned to bring them all nine at once, by the generosity of her employer she was enabled to make it much easier for herself by diving them into two sections, giving a fortnight's stay. Only Jennie was to enjoy the whole month's outing, because of her delicate health and her usually 'shut in' life.

One day as the girls, clad in their natty bathing suits which their kind hostess had hired for them, went forth merrily to take their daily ocean bath, Jennie, who was sitting on a low ottoman at the lady's feet, looked somewhat wistfully after them.

'My poor little girl,' said Haster, laying her hand caressingly on Jennie's head, 'how sorry I am you cannot run and gambol with the others in the cooling waves.'

'Oh, do not say a word dear Miss St. John,' returned the young girl, her dark eyes filling with tears of gratitude. 'It is pleasure enough to see their joy, and to look at the beautiful ocean. Oh, how good you are to give me so much happiness!' and in her own thrill of satisfaction at the lame girl's appreciation and delight, Hester St. John felt she had already doubled on her investment.

So the delightful days went all too soon. They were not filled with merry making alone, for this wise lady had taught her young wards many lessons in domestic economy that would send them back to their humble homes equipped as never before to do battle with the stern facts of every day life. Each had had her special part in the necessary work at the cottage, changing off now and then, so as to become familiar with all the details.

Even Jennie had learned to knit some kind of delicate lace that she would be able to turn into money value.

So at last there came an end to the days of supreme delight, the evenings spent in quiet games, or instructive reading, or comforting heart-to-heart talks.

When Hester, her long vacation over, returned again to her office work, and again met her employer, his first inquiry after the customary greetings were over, was concerning her investment.

'Have you realized anything on it yet, Hester, or shall you in due time?' he asked with the kindly interest he was privileged to feel toward one who had served him long and so faithfully.

'I am confident I shall never make a dollar on it, sir,' answered Hester, soberly, feigning a depression she did not feel.

'Well, now, that is too bad!' exclaimed the old gentleman with genuine sympathy. 'You at least saved your principal?'

'Every dollar is gone, sir, even to your generous gift.'

'How came you to be so taken in, child?' returned the old geneltman with real concern.

'But when Hester modestly related to him the story of the past four weeks, he decided with her that not for long years to come, if ever, would she cease having large returns for her investment.

Smiles for Sale.

If there were smiles for sale
At some fair market where
The rich, the poor, the low, the high
Might hurry with their change, to buy,
What crowds would gather there.

Yet there are smiles enough,
And each might have his share,
If man would do or say
One—just one—kind thing every day
To lift some other's care.
—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Fright Number One.

(Mrs. J. C. Francis, in the New York 'Witness.')

'Oh! Miss Jennie! Please tell us some more about what happened to you when you were a little girl! We just love to hear you tell about it!'

I can almost hear their childish voices now as, seated on the walls of the terrace in my Southern home in the evening twilight, the children would gather around me and beg for 'stories.'

I wasn't good at 'making up' stories to tell, but that wasn't necessary; for they liked best the 'really truly' ones that I could tell them, of my own experiences, with which my young

life was so generously supplied—partly, I suppose, because, as the daughter of a travelling man, I was always going from place to place, seeing, hearing and living new experiences; and partly because of my fearless, venturesome spirit which led me into much that the average girl would avoid.

What I called my 'four frights' would especially interest my young audience, who would frequently demand that they be told over and over again. And now while thinking how I could best spend some of the leisure hours I have, as an invalid confined all the time to my bed, and that, too, in the one position (on my face) night and day, it occurred to me that I might not only amuse myself but entertain the little folks again by telling the same little stories I told to the children of long ago. But this time I'll write them and you can read them.

When the first 'fright' happened we were living in Alexandria, La., a quaint, dreamy, old town on the banks of the Red River. The boat-landing was just back of our house. In fact, the river was our 'back fence.' Beyond our house and at the edge of town was a long railway bridge, or trestle, as it was called, spanning a broad, low, swampy place which during the rainy season would be so filled with back-waters from the river as to almost reach the railway ties that ran along the trestle. This trestle was built upon stone pillars, the stones at each corner, jutting out one beyond the other like stair steps.

One pretty day, while the 'back-waters' were at their highest several of us children, boys and girls, were invited to spend the day with a friend who lived a short distance beyond the trestle. After dinner we all went craw-fishing.

'Crawfishing!' I hear some of my little Northern friends, with eyes and mouth wide open in astonishment, say, 'What would you want with "crawfish?"' 'Why! To eat!' my little Southern friends would tell you. And I just wish I had a dish of them right now! But maybe some of you don't know what they are? Suppose then, you get Papa's unabridged dictionary and look up the word, then look at the picture carefully and you will understand what I am going to tell you about how we prepare them to eat.

Of course it takes lots of them, but all you have to do is to put them all into a big vessel, pour boiling water over them, which will turn them a brilliant yellowish-red color, then cut off the tails right close up at the body, take the outside scales all off and there you find a nice little piece of meat, which when chopped fine and seasoned with a nice salad dressing makes a dish fit for a queen. You eat lobster, why not crawfish?

But, oh, dear me! I wasn't to tell you about crawfish at all, and you are thinking that 'fright' story will never be told.

Forgive me if I digress a little further to tell you that in that crowd of boys and girls there was one boy who was my special friend, though I was eight and he was sixteen.

After fishing, or crawfishing, until almost sundown, we bade good-bye to our hostess and started for home. Edward and I were some distance behind the rest when we reached the trestle. Did I tell you the trestle was a very long one and there was a sharp curve in the road just before reaching it?

We were almost at the middle, and the others had crossed, when we were astonished to hear the train whistle, and just then it came into sigh around the curve. If you have never been on a long, high railway trestle, with the roaring waters below and a fast approaching train bearing down upon you, from which there seemed to be no escape whatever, then you can but faintly imagine the horror of our situation.

A glance showed us the impossibility of either going back or forward in time to escape the danger.

For a moment we stood there almost paralyzed with fear as we saw the great iron horse, looking like something alive, coming so fiercely towards us, standing so helpless above the raging back-waters which were then so high.

But the presence of mind for which I am noted among those who know me did not desert me, and I was ready to quietly obey when Edward, who was proving himself the hero in so terrible an emergency, after quickly climbing down those stairs—like juts of slippery stone—which supported the trestle, reached up and gave me his hand, telling me to follow.

He sat down on the stone nearest the water and I, on the one above, holding to him with one hand, while I clung to an iron-railing above with the other.

In a moment the train was above us! Oh! the horror and fearfulness of the awful roar of that long freight train as it slowly passed above us! And the swishing and the lapping and roaring of the waters beneath as they swirled around the stones on which we were sitting!

As the engine passed over me, a hot cinder falling, fastened itself upon the wrist of the hand holding the iron rod, and to this day I bear the scar with the tiny holes in it.

'Oh! Miss Jennie! Didn't you let go when it burnt you so?' some of the children would exclaim. But I would shake my head and say, 'No, I didn't let go!'

Our friends, not being able to see how we had disposed of ourselves, naturally supposed we had fallen into the water; so gave the alarm to that effect, and when we at last could straighten our cramped limbs and climb back the whole town nearby was there to meet us.

So fearful was the noise of the train as it passed over my head that for days afterwards I couldn't hear anything distinctly except a constant roaring sound.

I have had many experiences, before and after, with dangers by water and railway trains, but that I believe was the most impressive.

Helped.

(Sally Campbell, in 'Wellspring.')

(In Two Parts.)

PART II.

(Continued.)

Lew had to acknowledge, when he knocked at Mr. Macon's door, next morning, that he did not feel entirely easy as to his visit. Mr. Macon, with trembling nerves, in a fever of hurry, was searching the room desperately.

Lew plunged headlong into his confession.

'There wasn't any time,' he said. 'You know what was written in the letter. So I looked over the other papers for you, and filled in the lists that you had made out, and—sent it off this morning.'

Mr. Macon stared hard at him, as though trying to understand what he had said.

'You mean that you—you corrected the examination papers which I had not looked over?'

'Yes,' said Lew.

'You took my list of names and wrote your judgment opposite to those that I had left blank; you took Professor Dollard's address from his letter and mailed the completed list to him?'

'Yes,' said Lew again, but his voice was very uncertain. He did not dare look at his questioner.

There was a moment's dead pause.

'I presume,' said Luther Macon, bitterly, 'that a boy feels justified in any trick he can play on a drunken man.'

'Oh, no, Mr. Macon!' cried Lew, hastily. 'It wasn't a trick. It was very easy to do. The syllabus was there. You weren't marking them exactly, you know; it was only to say whether they passed or failed. For the two questions that weren't all in the syllabus, I looked at those papers that you had marked already, and I could tell by them whether the answers were right or wrong. Don't you see? It wasn't very hard. Just look at one of the papers that I went over. Here is a copy of the list. You can tell how I did it.'

Mr. Macon ran his experienced eye down the illegibly-written pages with a rapidity at which Lew marvelled. Having finished, he turned almost fiercely to the word which Lew had placed oposite the writer's name in the list, and the muscles in his face relaxed.

Lew, watching him silently, handed him the second paper.

It was the middle of the afternoon before Mr. Macon came to the last name on the list. Lew had gone away to get his dinner and was back again, sitting forgotten on the lounge and waiting.

But when Luther Macon had reached the end of his task, he remembered Lew. He went over to him.

'You have done this admirably,' he said. 'It was a great favor. But why did you do it?'

Lew expected the question. He answered it succinctly:—

'For Richard.'

At the mention of his son's name, Mr. Macon covered his poor, bleared face with his shaking hands. Lew stood up beside him.

'Mr. Macon, one day last winter Richard and I were out skating and I fell in. The ice was very thin. Three times he tried to reach me. Each time the danger was more. But he wouldn't give me up. He would have died, I think, before he would have given me up. He saved me.'

Lew cleared his throat.

'I can't do you a favor. I owe too much to Richard. He was set that I shouldn't tell anybody; it was nothing, and he hated a fuss. I never told, because it was like him not to care for having done it. He wouldn't be Richard if he wasn't like that. Richard is—' Lew hesitated. He was as shy of his feelings as a girl. Richard himself did not dream of it.

'I know what he is,' interrupted Mr. Macan, sharply; 'and I am his father!'

It was a despairing cry. Lew stretched his hand out eagerly to the man beside him. A white, nerveless hand it was, not hardened by work or even by play; scarcely the hand, it might be thought to hold one back from the black gulf of ruin.

'Let me help you, Mr. Macon!' pleaded Lew. 'Let me try!'

At college Richard was recognized from the first as a good student. But it was not until the second term that it broke one night upon his delighted classmates that he was a speaker.

'We might have known it!' said Jerry Moulton. 'These silent fellows always make the orators. They keep the cork in till the right time comes, then they pull it out and off they go with a bang. If I only saved up more, I shouldn't wonder if I could be one, myself.'

'We shall never know, Jerry,' said Alonzo Brown. 'But this is pretty fine—for a freshman to come out first! It took my fancy to see those other men drop their jaws and just squint, after Macon had been speaking about a minute and a half. They weren't just expecting anything of the sort.'

(To be continued.)

Grandmother's End of the Ice Cream.

(By Annie Hamilton Donnell.)

Grandma dropped wearily into a chair. Her sweet face was full of the little tired lines that were nearly always there on Tuesdays. She held up one slender hand with the fingers spread.

'Churning's done—thumb,' she said, folding down the thumb, 'Ironing's done—first finger; beds are made—thimble finger; dishes washed—ring finger.'

Only the little finger was left, standing up in the wobbly, little-finger way of standing up.

'The little finger stands for dinner,' smiled tired Grandmother. 'That isn't done! Now when one has company, I wonder what one gets for dinner'—

There was a stir across the room. The 'company' with one accord scrambled to its feet and formed in line.

'Ice cream!' in chorus.

'O,' said tired Grandmother. Then she said, 'O,' again. She had not thought of ice cream! Dear, no, not ice cream! She lowered her spectacles from her pretty white hair to her nose and glanced up at t · clock.

'It's after ten,' she said, 'It takes a good while sometimes to freeze the cream. I don't suppose the company would like it unfrozen? There's some nice soft custard out in the pan—'

The company made a wry face—three wry faces.

'That wouldn't be ice cream, Grandma,' pouted Olive.

'Nothing but just custard!' pouted Terence. Terence was Olive's twin and always did the things she did. The third 'company' was little Puss in Boots.

'I'd ruvver have I-scream a good dealer,' Puss said.

Tired Grandmother got up stiffly, a patient smile on her dear old face, then sat down again with a sudden twinge of rheumatism. Olive was afraid it meant no ice-cream for dinner; and Olive was ice cream hungry. Weren't all three of the company ice cream hungry? Hadn't they talked about having it sure when they went to spend the day with Grandma? Grandma always gave folks two saucersful—

'We s'posed we'd have it,' Olive said in an injured tone.

'Yes, we s'posed,' said Terry in exactly the same tone.

'Because we're company, that's why. We s'posed you'd give your company'—

'Ice cream,' smiled tired Grandmother. 'Well, dears, you shall have it, but you will have to wait till supper—it's too late to freeze it for dinner. Will supper do?'

'O, yes'm, thank you,' Olive said politely, and of course Terry said,

OLIVE, TERENCE AND PUSS

'O, yes'm,' politely, too. Supper was farther away than dinner, but it would do. And custard was pretty good for dessert. The company was not greedy—just ice cream hungry. Usually it was quite a thoughtful company and noticed the little tired lines in Grandmother's face, but not to-day.

Grandmother got dinner and cleared it away. It seemed to her she grew tireder and tireder. It was lucky nap time was so near—dear, dear, she had forgotten the children's ice cream!

'If Father was only at home to chop the ice!' she sighed gently. Grandfather's being away made it so much harder—he always knew just how much salt to mix with the ice, and he always turned the crank of the big freezer.

Grandmother turned it alone to-day. She made the cream and packed the ice around it, and turned — turned — turned. Something must be wrong. Why didn't the cream begin to stiffen? The tired old arms throbbed with pain. She counted one, two, three, four—she would not stop to rest till she got to a hundred. But she did stop at fifty. She got more ice and chopped it in the chopping tray—more salt and mixed it in. Then she turned again and counted. This time she counted twenty-five between rests. It was cooler out on the back porch under the vines, and she dragged the freezer and the kitchen rocking chair out there.

'Creak, creak, creak—one, two, three, four—creak, creak, five, six, seven. Still the handle went round just the same, and tired Grandmother knew the cream had not yet thickened.

The company was playing housekeep out in the grape arbor. It was pleasant and rustly out there, with the leaves everywhere whispering things to each other. Olive said it was beautiful spending the day at Grandmother's, wasn't it? And Terry said, wasn't it!

'And there's I-scream a-comin'!' chanted Puss-in-Boots.

'Goody!'

'I'm glad we asked for it, aren't you? Grandma might not have remembered our—our ice cream "tooth."'

'Teeth,' corrected Olive—'yours and mine and Pussy's. Yes, indeed, I'm glad we remembered!'

'I hope there'll be chockerlate in,' Puss said, 'and that 'minds me to wish we'd asked for two kinds.'

'I wish we had!'

'Maybe we can now—come on, let's hurry like everything!'

The company was in good racing trim. There was a scurry of nimble little feet and the three little housekeepers arrived, breathless, at the back porch. Olive got there a little in advance.

'O, Grandma, can't we have two kinds of ice'—then she stopped. A strange little change came over her round, brown face. For an instant she looked at tired Grandmother in the kitchen rocker, then noiselessly she sped away to meet the rest of the company.

'Oh, sh, sh, sh!' she panted softly, 'you come with me, but sh! Don't do a thing but look at Grandma.'

She was fast asleep in the old stuffed rocking chair. Her head had fallen back a little, sidewisely, and her dear old face wore a patient look. The weary old fingers had released their hold on the crank of the big red freezer.

'Sh!' whispered Olive, but there was no need of it. All the company was sh-ing. They stole away on tiptoes back to the grape arbor.

'She's very tired,' Olive said severely. 'Aren't you 'shamed of yourselves for asking for ice cream!'

'My gracious! You went and asked the first ask yourself, Olive Tripp! And if you've gone and most killed Grandmother"—

'O, it was us all! We've all most killed her!' wailed Olive in sudden remorse. 'And she's the dearest, grandmotherest Grandmother! We never thought of her end o' the ice-cream.'

'No,we never'—groaned Terence.

We just thinked of our end—O, my!' Pussy lamented.

They lapsed into shamed, gloomy silence. It was awful to sit there in the grape arbor and feel like—like—pigs! And what made it worse, they could distinctly hear a grunting sound in the direction of Grandpa's pigpen.

'They sound like relations,' Olive groaned.

When Grandmother woke up in the late afternoon, the first thing she saw was a jagged piece of white wrapping paper propped up conspicuously on the top of the freezer. It was covered over with great lead-pencil words. She felt in her soft white hair for her glasses and read it—not once, but twice, three times.

We are Pigs but Pussy is onley a little one. We nevver thort of your end of the ice scream. We have gorn Home for Fear youl finnish makeing it and it would Choak us. Please dont Wake Up but keep rite on Resting. We are sorry weve most kiled you, Honest.

Terry and Me and Puss.

'The little dears!' rested Grandmother murmured.

For You.

I have some good advice for you,
My merry little man,
'Tis this: where'er your lot is cast,
O do the best you can!
And find the good in everything,
No matter what or where;
And don't be always looking for
The hardest things to bear.

O do not stand with idle hands,
And wait for something grand,
While precious moments slip away
Like grains of shining sand!
But do the duty nearest you.
And do it faithfully,
For stepping-stones to greater things
These little deeds shall be.

In this big world of ours, my boy,
There's work for all to do,
Just measure by the golden rule
That which is set for you;
And try it with the square of truth
And with the lines of right;
In every act and thought of yours,
O keep your honor bright!

—Companion.

The Shepherd Psalm.

'Mother, I don't see why you have me learn a Psalm every month,' said Eva Preston; 'none of the other girls do, and you can always read them.'

The next day was the Sabbath. A stranger talked to the Sabbath-school. He said: 'I work among the poor children in a big city. I have many friends among the newsboys. One day one of them—Dave Herbert—was run over by a horse and waggon. He was carried to a drug store near by to wait for the ambulance to carry him to the hospital. The doctor and I were with him, and a crowd was in the store. The boy was a brave little fellow, but he suffered terribly. All at once he said, 'If I could hear about the shepherd, I could bear it better.' I knew what he meant. I had told them about King David's beautiful Psalm at the Mission school. I said it now over and over. I wish you could have seen the look in his face, children, as he listened. That little rough newsboy could understand that. He said after me, 'And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' Before the waggon came, Dave had gone to the Lord's house above. I tell you this, dear children, because nowadays so few of us learn the Scriptures by heart. We don't think it necessary. But I know it is. I wonder now, if any child here can repeat the Twenty-third Psalm for me?'

There was a long pause, but no one stirred. Then Eva Preston stood up, and with folded hands, very clearly she repeated it.

As she finished, the children—and even her teacher—forgetting the place, softly clapped their hands.

The minister lifted his hand to check it. 'Thank you, my dear,' he said to Eva; 'you have a gift no one can take from you.—'The Sunbeam.'

Stretch It.

A little girl and her brother were on their way to school the other morning. The grass on the common was white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a cloak over her, which she seemed to have outgrown. As they walked briskly along, she drew the little boy closer to her, and said, 'Come under my cloak, Johnny.'

'It isn't big enough for both,' he replied.

'Then I will try and stretch it a little,' said she.

And they were soon as close together and as warm as birds in the same nest.

There are many shivering bodies, and sad hearts, and weeping eyes in the world, just because people do not try to stretch their comforts beyond themselves. — 'Sunday Reading.'

LESSOIN VII.—AUGUST 13.

Josiah and the Book of the Law.

II. Chronicles xxxiv., 14-28.

Golden Text.

I will not forget they word. Ps. cxix., 16.

Commit verse 21.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 7.—II. Chorn. xxxiv., 14-28.

Tuesday, Aug. 8.—II. Chron. xxxiv., 29-xxxv., 6.

Wednesday, Aug. 9.—II. Chron. xxxv., 7-19.

Thursday, Aug. 10.—II. Chron. xxxv., 20-27.

Friday, Aug. 11.—II. Kings xxii., 8-20.

Saturday, Aug. 12.—II. Kings xxiii., 21-30.

Sunday, Aug. 13.—Ps. cxix., 125-136.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The temple was a junk-shop. Its floors sagged hoplessly. There were wide breaches in its walls. All the fine gold had been stripped off to buy worthless truces with heathen invaders. All the goodly and significant articles of furniture had been crowded like lumber in the unoccupied rooms surrounding the courts, and their places had been filled with the altars and symbols of alien religions. The ritual of the Hebrew faith had ceased and the dust of civilization, the deposit incident to a great city, steadily accumulated in the unkempt building. Among other things which had disappeared in the two hundred years of neglect, was the yellow scroll of the law. If they had only known it that old parchment was the nation's palladium. If it had been preserved the kingdom would have been preserved. It was the written will of Jehovah. Obeyed, the sceptre would not have departed. Aside also from the indescribably precious contents, it was a souvenir of the highest value. What hands had penned it! What eyes had scanned it! What lips had read it aloud to what wondering congregations! But its very existence had long been forgotten, if not entirely, at least to the great mass of the people.

Quick and great were the gains of honoring Jehovah in the restoration of his temple, undertaken by the good king. The custom of hiding treasure maintained. The high priest probably secreted the money collected for the work of repair. He probably put it under some of the old plunder in one of the unoccupied rooms. It was while ransacking the place for the hidden treasure, that he made the most remarkable find of that age. He unearthed the only, the long lost copy of the Bible. One tradition says it was beneath a heap of stones. Another says it was in the ark of the covenant which Manasseh had tossed aside with sacrilegious hands.

The results of this discovery were important and beneficent. A rule of life, both for individuals and the nation, was found. A standard of conduct and character, to which king and peasant, priest, civil and military officer, all alike might resort.

No wonder that at the first reading the king sprang to his feet and rent his clothes in regret and fear that the will of Jehovah had been so long and grossly neglected.

Because of the low standard of education which maintained in those comparatively crude days, need of an interpreter and interpretation was imperative. Some one with an inner light, a sense for the divine must needs be found. It was in this way that Huldah enters the trinity of women prophets and joins Miriam and Deborah.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

I. Condition of Temple and contents.

1. The scroll of the law. Its intrinsic value. Its value as a souvenir. Results of its loss.

2. The finding of the Law. How. By whom. Under what circumstances.

3. Results of finding the Law. In general. Upon the king in particular.

4. Need of an Interpreter. Whence it arose. Huldah.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

It is an ancient story with modern application. There are many to-day to whom the Bible is as perfectly a lost book as it was to Josiah and his contemporaries. To them it is as if it had never been written. Out of sight it is out of mind.

The public display of the Bible on the sacred desk is to be commended. It is an exalting of the Word. An object lesson. In sight it is in mind.

Yet the Bible is never to be a fetich. The Bible is only God's vehicle. By it he comes to our minds and hearts. To worship the vehicle is idolatrous. If the Book could speak it would cry as the angel did to John, 'See thou do it not.'

The life is more than the book. In the ultimate analysis it is not so much what a man knows as what he is.

Interpretation of the Scripture is the distinct and important function of the Christian ministry to-day, as it was of the prophet in olden times. Not that the ministry has an exclusive monopoly of this function. Many unordained persons interpret skillfully. As general education increases, the need of specific interpreters decreases.

Here is an old-time illustration of the principle which Jesus enunciated, that 'he who does shall know.' Josiah was 'doing.' It was when he began to repair the temple that he found the Book.

The Bible is a potent book. Its reading brings things to pass. It provokes either revolt or obedience. Josiah sought an interpreter to make its contents plain to him. Jehoiakim reached for a knife and cut it into shreds. The Bible receives the some opposite treatment today.

It should not be thought a thing incredible that the Bible was lost in that early and crude age, when those who could read it could be counted on one's fingers. The Bible was practically lost again in the Middle Ages, even in those seats of art and learning, the monasteries. It is said that Luther was twenty years old before he ever so much as saw a Bible.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 13.—Topic—The building of character. II. Peter i., 1-11; Jude xx., 21.

The religious life is not statical, but progressive. Here is another challenge to progress in which the Scriptures abound. The figure is that of the erection of a building. The building materials are the things that pertain to life and godliness. The plan is of divine revelation, like the pattern which God showed Moses in the mount. The structure is forever building, never completed. The Christian graces are to be laid up like stones in their ranges. Jude joins his voice to that of Peter when he cries, 'But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, keep yourselves in the love of God.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

LESSONS FROM MONUMENTS.

Monday, Aug. 7.—The Bethel monument. Gen. xxviii., 16-19.

Tuesday, Aug. 8.—The Mizpah monument. Gen. xxxi., 45-52.

Wednesday, Aug. 9.—The Ebenezer monument. I. Sam. vii., 10-12.

Thursday, Aug. 10.—The oak-tree monument. Josh. xxiv., 24-27.

Friday, Aug. 11.—Rachel's monument. Gen. xxxv., 19, 20.

Saturday, Aug. 12.—Absalom's monument. II. Sam. xviii., 18.

Sunday, Aug. 13.—Topic—Lessons from monuments. Josh. iv., 1-9.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

Keep the Children Awake.

It was a wise answer received from an experienced teacher to the question, 'How would you test a person's ability to teach children?' Tersely he said, 'Can he keep the children's minds awake?' The mind cannot take food while it is asleep. It is the work of the teacher to keep the mind in a receptive state as well as to impart information.

Now, just recall that when you were making a long railway journey you were weary and almost asleep, with no interest in your surroundings, until you heard the name of a familiar station called, and you remembered that years before you had lived just a few miles beyond this station. You look from the window with new interest as familiar objects greet you, and you become so wide awake that drowsiness does not return until you have sped miles beyond. Does not this experience, which probably comes to one or more passengers on every train crossing the country, suggest to the teacher that the mere mention of familiar names and games and associates of earlier years will often stir the class into renewed mental activity?—The Melbourne 'Spectator.'

'Traded With God.'

An old German taxidermist who had come suddenly into a fortune had determined to build a fine house for his old age.

The house was but just completed when there rang through the streets of the city an alarm of fire. A business man, who was a friend of the old German, noticed that the fire was in the same section of the city where the taxidermists's new house was situated. He hurried as quickly as he could to the place, and found that the house was indeed in the path of the flames. He was informed, however, that the old German, instead of looking after his own house, had hired all the men he could find and had them pouring water on the roof of an orphan asylum, a short distance away, where he himself was leading them. His friend rushed through the smoke and told him there was yet time to save his own house, but the old man only smiled, and said:

'This house is full of babies.'

A second time he rushed to where the old man was, and pulled him out, and urged him to turn his attention toward his own house. Then the old man, drawing himself up to his full height, raised his clenched hand over his head, while his face, grimy with smoke and stained with blood from a wound on his brow, grew radiant with the glow of a great purpose, as he exclaimed:

'It is not my house any more! I traded it to God for this!'

Surely that old German taxidermist had the spirit of Christ's chivalry.—'Christian Age.'

Don'ts For Teachers.

(The Rev. A. Y. Haist, in the 'Evangelical S.S. Teacher.')

'Don't worry.' Worry is harder than work. Always honor your Master with your hopeful trust and confidence in his willingness to help you in all your work and to grant you all your reasonable requests. Cultivate a clear, crystal-like faith in God. Rely upon the Saviour. He has said: Cast your cares upon me. Trust him and don't worry.

Bound to Grow Something.

'Dirt is bound to grow something or other,' said an old farmer. 'It's the natur' of it. If it 'tain't trees or corn, it's briar or weeds.

'When I cleared up that wood lot, the ashes of the log heaps hadn't scarcely cooled before up sprang a passel of jimson weed and poke and alders. I knew I must get corn or grass to save it.'

Human nature is another kind of soil, so rich in possibilities that will not lie idle. To rid it of jimson weeds and poke means to get it to raising corn or grass.

'Overcome evil with good.' Put a good habit in the place of a bad one. Of course, Christ must destroy the evil. He will help build up the good.—'S. S. Messenger.'

Correspondence

St. T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a pleasant home, and have kind parents. Grandmother and Auntie and my sister Dorothy live here, too. We have lots of fun in the summer, going fishing, or sailing boats in the creek. We go to the Wellington street school. I hope I will get in a higher form at midsummer.

FRANK HARDIE EMERY.

J., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' once before, and as it was in print, I thought that I would write again. We take the 'Messenger,' and think it is a very nice paper. I live on a farm of four hundred acres. It is nice here in the summer, but so very cold in the winter, that it is not at all pleasant. My brother and I have a yoke of oxen which we are breaking in now. We have a pup which we call Togo. There are many wild animals around here. I am sending a drawing.

WILLIE HILL.

R P., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have seen very few letters from Prince Edward Island. I live close to the seashore, where they catch a lot of fish, such as hake, haddock, cod, mackerel and herring, and sometimes a halibut and a few lobsters. Papa's farm joins a pond, where hundreds of eels are caught every year, and sometimes a few smelts and trout. I was ten years old on Jan. 1. I have two brothers younger than I am, but I have no sister. We have to go about two and a half miles to school. We can only go in the fine weather. I and my eldest brother belong to the mission band and to the I. O. G. T. of Juvenile Templars. The name of our lodge is the Lifeboat. My other brother is going to join this summer. I am sending you one of my drawings and one of my brother's, who cannot write well enough to write you a letter. His drawing is the picture of the schoolhouse, where we go to school. Hoping to see my letter and the drawings in the 'Messenger.' I am sending twenty cents to the Labrador Messenger Cot.

ADELLA R. CHING.

S., Man.

Dear Editor,—I do not get the 'Messenger,' but my sister does. I like it very well.

EDITH HETHERINGTON (age 12).

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I have two sisters and one brother. His name is Robert. He passed the entrance last year at the age of ten. For the first half year of 1904 he went to school steady, not missing one day. He draws well, and when he saw the other drawings in the 'Messenger' he thought he would try and draw. So he is sending one of his drawings. My sisters' names are Maud and Annie. Their ages are six and four. Maud is going to school, and is getting to be quite a reader. She reads sometimes to Annie out of her reader. Annie likes it, too. We have three dear little calves. Two are red and the other one is red and white. It's hair is so curly that I named it curly. I have read a great many books. A few of them are 'Elsie Dinsmore,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Fugitive Blacksmith,' 'Birds and Bees,' 'Daisy Dingle,' 'Jake's Birthday Present,' 'The Rope Cable Cut,' and 'Grandmother's Forget-me-nots.' They are very nice books, and I enjoyed reading them. We read about the Labrador Mission Cot in the 'Messenger.' So we thought we would like to take part. Robert and I are sending twenty-five cents in stamps. We shall send more another time, when we have a chance.

GRACE CAMERON.

I., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly two years, and like it very much. My father is a farmer, and we live two miles and a half from Petitcodiac, which is a very flourishing village. We have ten cows, and we send our milk to the cheese and butter factory. They make cheese in summer and butter in the winter. I am the eldest of five boys. I have two grandmothers living. They are seventy-one and seventy-six years old. Fred and I go to school. We have two miles to walk—when father cannot drive us. We sometimes stay home to pick potatoes and top turnips, and help to thresh. We are in the second reader.

CLARENCE T. DOUGLASS (age 9).

S. R., Assa.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl eight years old. My birthday is on March 14. I have two brothers and one sister. She is our baby, and is two years old. Her name is Berenice. My oldest brother's name is Ralph, and he is six years old, and Howard is almost four. I have only been to school one summer yet. We will have a new school near here this summer. We have a lot of cousins in Ontario. We came from Ontario. We take the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much. For pets we have a dog named Jip and a cat named Tabby. Ralph has a little red calf, and Howard has a black one, and I have a white rooster, which I call Jim. There are lots of wild geese and ducks here, and we live near a lake where we catch fish, mostly pike. The prairie has been covered with flowers.

EDNA A. WAUGH.

love to read all about it. I am in the sixth grade at school. I enclose a dollar to help send the 'Messenger' to India.

CLARA D. H.

R. I., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like the paper very much. I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on Dec. 27. So you see it is very near Christmas Day. I live on a farm, and my father is a mill-owner. He had three mills, but one is burnt. I have five brothers and one baby sister. Her name is Ida Cecilia. We have a large St. Bernard doy, whose name is Doney. I go to school every day. We have ten cats. I think that is a lot. I attend mission band when there is any. We were making money for the mission band. I made $4.25 out of 25 cents. When I went to town last week with papa I had some photos taken, and I had a very good time. ELIZABETH MARY McNAIR.

(It is not the length nor the shortness, but the interestingness, of a letter that counts.—Cor. Ed.)

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Swan.' Robert Cameron (11), T., Ont.
2. 'Child with flowers.' Adella R. Ching, R. P., P.E.I.
3. 'Schoolhouse.' Willard J. Ching (9), R. P., P.E.I.
4. 'Stag's head.' Willie Hill, J., Ont.
5. 'Twin pups.' Hannah E., Crawford (15), H. C.
5. 'Off to school.' Ethel Hetherington (13), S., Man.
7. 'House.' Frank Hardie Emery, S. T., Ont.
8. 'Dictionary.' Sadie L. McFarlane (9), J., Ont.
9. 'Edward VII.' Nellie Millar, C., Ont.

M. G., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy ten years old. We live on a farm on the Musquodoboit river. I have a cat which knocks at the door, and which is as old as I am. I go to school every day. Here is a conundrum. Do you know why the wagon spoke? Because the wheel was tired (tyred). CLARENCE McLEAN.

Darrington, S. Co., Washington.

Dear Editor,—About a year ago I was a poor friendless sickly little girl of twelve years. Even my parents were not my friends, and I was taken by the Children's Home Society of Seattle and placed in the receiving home for adoption. After staying there for three weeks I came to live with Mrs. C., and since then I have had the 'Messenger' and other things to read. I like the 'Messenger' very much, so I thought I would write a letter. I have grown three inches taller, and got fat and strong and well since coming here. I have not missed a day at school or been sick all that time. I have learned to crochet and knit lace, and make cake and do lots of pretty and useful things. Mrs. C. has a little adopted girl in India. Her name is Gendi; the name means ball or flower, and the missionary's name is Miss C. I

Yes and No.

Some time ago a London merchant wanted a boy in his warehouse. Two were recommended to him. The first boy walked into the counting-house keeping his cap on his head, which all my young readers know is not very polite.

In answer to several questions the boy very abruptly answered, 'Yes' or 'No.'

The second boy made a polite bow when he entered, and when asked a question replied with 'Yes, sir,' 'No, sir,' etc. The first boy was the stronger, and was, therefore, better able to carry more parcels about than the other boy was.

Yet did the merchant select this one? Oh, no—the boy who took off his cap got the situation.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR MISSION COT FUND.

Miss Richards, Ladysmith, B.C., $1; L. Pearl Stewart, 50c; Electra King, 10c; Marion Macleod, 10c; total this week, $1.70.

Items of Interest.

Danish physicians have formed a temperance society, and have issued a warning, setting forth the evils of alcohol on the human body, which is posted in all the railway stations of the country.

All the members of the Business Girls' Association, of Trenton, New Jersey, have signed the following pledge: 'I hereby promise not to associate with or to marry any man who is not a total abstainer from the use of all intoxicating liquors, including wine, geer and cider, and I promise to abstain from the same myself; and I will not marry a man to save him.'

The Bar of Conscience.

(Happily, in our land the use of alcoholic beverages in the family is not so common as shown in this sketch of city life across the sea, but the temptations are great, so great as to make shipwreck of many a bright young life; so great that every true man and woman should rouse themselves for action and declare that 'something must and shall be done.')

(Concluded.)

'When I went to H—— my temptations multiplied. Among the circle of my acquaintances not a single soul practised abstinence. Abstainers in Scotland occupy not only an easy, but an honorable position, compared with those in England. Every person in the office where I was not only used intoxicating drinks, but could not do without them, and both avowed this and gloried in it! My practice alienated me from some of them, and lowered me at first in the estimate of all. As I rose in the office, I was sometimes at my master's table. My practice there made me singular. It was noticed, and, as I believe, not to my advantage. At least this was the conclusion at which I arrived, and I was influenced by it accordingly. I became attached to a young lady, who herself and her relatives were very stern opponents to abstinence., No demand was made that I should surrender my practice, but I knew well that it would seriously interfere with my succes. I cam eto know that nothing else would do so. Personally I had never experienced the misery of drunkenness, and could not fully estimate it. The cost of securing the advantages of Temperance I was inclined to exaggerate. I gladdened my friends by abandoning my abstinence practice! I never viewed my Temperance principles as wrong; but tried to convince myself that the world was not ready for their adoption, and that consequently it was about as vain a struggle for this as to expect a crop by sowing in winter. I knew all the while the weakness of my own reasoning; that the advance-guard of truth must ever expect to meet with an unprepared world, and that it was by the maintenance of what I was abandoning that other generations would find the world better prepared for the reception of these principles. Indeed, the reasons which I assigned were more for my justification in the sight of others than for pleading at the bar of conscience. Fearful have been the consequences to me of violating my convictions of right. But why should customs of this kind be allowed to continue to tempt individuals, some of whom are sure to be overcome by strong drink if they use it at all? For it I had no inclination, and would have vastly preferred to live and die without it, if this could have been done without lowering my position in the estimate of those around me. Why should Christian men allow the continuance of a state of society in which a man must appear singular and unsocial, and lose caste, or expose himself to habits which will ruin him for time and eternity?

'At every table where I sat intoxicating drinks in some shape were to be found. I could not use these in one place and not in another I drank everywhere! I knew that a given percentage of those that used these drinks would be ruined by them, but supposed, as every one that uses them does, that I should prove an exception. I thought that my knowledge of the danger put me in a position of greater safety than those who were ignorant or sceptical about it. I thought as I knew the character of the stream that I should certainly keep out of the rapids. My work was often very exhausting. I had frequently late hours. When I got home I found myself much refreshed by wine. I used it—used it often; was often overcome by it before the public came to know anything about it. It became known at length, however, as drunkenness invariably does, and I lost my situation!'

He paused, as if unable to proceed further, but after a little resumed his narrative. 'After I had lost my situation, doors that were always before open to me were shut; and those whom I had abandoned my principles to please, ceased to notice or know me. How low I sunk I need not tell; but in my lowest state I still felt my degradation, and desired to escape from it! I got engaged as under-steward in a temperance vessel bound to India. I reformed—returned—got employment from my old masters, and was advanced from one place to another, till I had nearly reached my old situation.'

'How, then, Walter, could you fall a second time?'

'Possibly I cannot tell you how. My resolutions were sincere, so far as a man can be a judge of his own sincerity; but I thought after a time that I might use a little without danger. I tried to do this and succeeded. I tried again and again, and found I could take a little and stop at the right point. I knew that my friends around would not give me credit for being reformed, unless they saw that I could take a little. It was sad ignorance on their part, but great guilt on mine! I drank more and more. Reason and conscience lost their supremacy, and appetite again occupied the vacated place. I had no more power to resist this tyrant than the paralysed arm to obey the will! The sight of drink—the smell of it—even conversation about it—made the desire for it a species of madness. And drink in some shape or other was everywhere! Had I lived where all were abstainers around me, and the occasions which excited the appetite withdrawn, I might possibly have been saved. The world in which I was was different. I fell, and sunk deeper and deeper. I became a profligate, a cheat, a beggar, a criminal; and never reformed till in the cell of a prison, from wrich I have only been released to die. It was thus I fell. You are a man who may exedcise influence upon influential men to induce them to do something to remove temptations out of the way of the young—something to facilitate the reformation of the half million of miserable drunkards in our land, and to prevent them from being tempter again to return to their evil ways!'

He looked again at Mr. Ramsay, and said—'Surely something more could be done!'

These were his last words. He sunk down totally exhausted, and almost fainting. He never after recognized any of his relatives. his work was done. Death woke him next morning as the sun rose.

Reader! permit the writer to address the question to you which Walter put to his minister—'Can nothing more be done?'—'The Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

A Quaint Impromptu Sermon.

(Some of us remember in our childhood being struck by an unusual but very forcible sermon, quoted as having been preached on the word 'Malt.' It is pleasant to see it reprinted in the 'Alliance News,' for its very oddity forces attention, and its lessons have lost little in aptness though seventy years have passed since first they were spoken.)

The Rev. Mr. Dodd, a vedy worthy minister, who lived, 1830, a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkennes; several of whom, meeting him on a journey, determined to make him preach in a hollow tree, which was by the roadside. Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they inisisted that he should now preach from a text of their own choosing.

In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study, and in such a place; but they were determined to take no denial, and the word 'Malt' was given to him by way of text, on which he immediately delivered himself as follows:—

'Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at a short warning to preach a short sermon from a small subject in an unworthy pulpit to a slender congregation. Behold, my text is malt. I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one. I must, therefore, of necessity, divied it into letters, which I find it to be these four: M-A-L-T. M, my beloved, is moral; A is allegorical; L, literal; T, theological. The moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners. Then M, masters; A, all of you; L, listen; T, to my text. The allegorical is when one thing is spoken and another thing is meant. The thing spoken is malt, the thing meant is the juice of malt; which you Cantabs make M your master; A your apparrel, L your liberty, T your trust. The literal is according to the letter M much, A ale, L, little, T trust. The theological is according to the effects that it works, and these I find of two kinds: First, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are; In some M murders, in others A adultery, in all L looseness of life, and in some T treason. The effects that it works in the world to come are: M misery, A anguish, L lamentation, and T Torment. And so much for this time and text. I shall improve this, first by way of exhortation. M Masters, A all of you, L leave off, T tippling; or, secondly, by way of excommunication—M masters, A all of you, L look for, T torments; thirdly, by way of caution, take this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the ale-house benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neigrbor's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and a monster of a man.'

He concluded in the usual form, and the young men, pleased with his ingenuity, not only sincerely thanked him, but absolutely profited by his short and whimsical sermon.

A Saloon Keeper's Responsibility.

An interesting and suggestive decision was rendered in the criminal court in Jersey City, N.J., two weeks ago. A customer became intoxicated in a saloon in that city on liquor furnished him by the proprietor, and then become unruly, breaking in a plate-glass window, and doing other damage such as a drunken man is likely to do. Displeased with the actions of his customer, the saloon keeper had him arrested for malicious mischief. When the case came before the court, the judge dismissed it with this statement: 'When a saloon keeper fills a man with intoxicants until he becomes crazy drunk and he does damage to the saloon while in that condition, the saloon keeper is responsible, and cannot expect to have the man punished for the damage he has wrought.'

This is sound sense. Why not push it to its legitimate conclusion? If the saloon keeper is responsible for the damage a man commits in the saloon after the saloon keeper has 'filled him with intoxicants until he becomes crazy drunk,' why is he not responsible for the damage the drunken man does anywhere else? Why not hold him responsible, and make him foot the bill? This is the logic of the judge's opinion, and it is right. We wish there was such a statute in every state. Then these miscreants might be held to account for their misdeeds.—Pittsburg, Pa., 'Advertiser.'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Mother's Words.

When the elder children were round me,
And needed my every care,
Noisy and rough with cloth rent knees
And tumbled, wind-tossed hair;
I often thought when they were grown,
How free my life would be;
Then I could rest, and they would work,
And lift all care from me.

But now, my boy so bearded
I hardly seem to know,
He's half ashamed to kiss my cheek,
And afar in the world must go;
My girls, though loving in their way,
Have grown so very tall—
And seem so strange—I often sigh
And wish that they were small.

Ah! mothers when you are weary
And the children seem to crowd,
When they seek you in their troubles,
Or their glad tones are too loud.
Think not of that far future,
When they may help you rest,
Enjoy the present, happy days,
While they love mother best.
—Selected.

Early Home Training.

A pure and happy childhood home ever abides in one's memory, and helps to hold the life to that which is good and true. Those, therefore, who have the moulding of the home should make it attractive and loving .

The 'Watchman' well expresses the idea in the following paragraph: 'More of the evil' in the world than often we think for can be traced back to the lack of home-feeling in childhood days. Where that does not exist, the young man or woman loses the invaluable consciousness of the solidarity of the family. They come to feel that they stand only for themselves, that they need not consult the interest of others, and they miss that happy restraint of affection for those with whom God united them in the closest ties.

'In spite of all that is said about the misdoings of the children of devout parents, we believe that it will be found almost universally true that the children of happy Christion homes turn out well. They have a special guard in their hearts against the seductions of evil. They do not sin against the home, and the memory of their own happy households weaves an ideal of the homes that they desire to build, which keeps them brave and pure and human.

'Provide good reading, and cultivate a taste for it by reading with your children. A cheerful home, with the spice of a common interest in some good cause, is a blessed safeguard to the young.'—'Sunday-school Journal.'

A Happy Bedtime.

It is very desirable to bear in mind the fact that children should go to bed happy; tired it may be, but with something pleasant lingering on the brain, the little one should nestle into the bed-clothes and fall asleep.

Just picture what is likely to happen in the reverse case. The brain, its mind filled with the haunting recollection of a severe scolding, or a promise that a punishment of some kind will be meted out to it in the morning, is not likely to have refreshing slumber to build up the waste of material which has occurred during the day. Its sleep is uneasy, the brain does not obtain the required repose; the child talks in its semi-conscious state and awakes in the morning with its nervous system impaired (more or less) by shock. This is absolutely a wrong condition of things.

A fault should not be allowed to go without correction, or a misdeed without punishment, but by all means avoid scolding or whipping just before bedtime. In the case of a child who has been scolded earlier in the afternoon and is still suffering mentally from it, the mother should improve the occasion by gentle forgiveness and soft words that will make the little one feel happy and look forward to being still happier on the morrow.

It is unwise to excite a child by romping games; undoubtedly the games will make it happy, but they will have the undersirable effect of inducing an exalted mental condition that will deprive slumber of much of its proper benefit.

Make the children happy at bedtime! Even when they are growing up, the 'tucking-in' by mother, the assurance that she will have another look at the bairn before herself retiring, and the simple joke of father that will amuse the child—these things have an advantage not easy to set down in words. There is no need to descend to the stage of foolish coddling; let the actions be simple and loving, and your children will be all the better for those little attentions.—Selected.

Are you a Good Listener?

No one need even think that they are well-mannered unless they can listen well—ears, eyes, brain. Have you tried to excel as a listener?

A good listener never lets her eyes wander about the room when someone is talking to her; she never seems conscious of anything but that she is being entertained.

A man likes a woman with a limited perspicacity; he likes to feel that he is telling her something that she does not already know. Were she less tactful, she would assert herself and give information rather than receive it.

Men, women and children are prone to flattery, and the art of listening is but flattery disguised. Every human being likes to feel that someone is interested in what he has to say, and when he finds a person who will listen, and seemingly enjoy listening, he seeks her out again.

To listen alone is an insufficient art. It must be practised in conjunction with a good knowledge of tactful questions which will start the conversational ball rolling along the right channel.—'The Globe and Comercial Advertiser.'

Homemade Refrigerator.

In a large drygoods box place sawdust a foot deep. Inside the large box place one a foot shorter on every side. Fill the space between with sawdust. On the bottom of the smaller box lay a removable crate of slats or lattice work, below which the ice is to be placed. Removable shelves are set on cleats on all four sides, and the refrigerator is ready for the lid, or cover with hinges. When space in the cellar is limited, this box may set in a cool place outdoors. In towns or villages where the ice man calls every day, or in the homes which store their own ice, shelves and slat-bottom may be removed to receive fresh ice every day. If it be kept outside, padlock the heavy lid.

Clean out the refrigerator at least three times a week.

Selected Recipes.

Astoria Potatoes.—Whip mealy boiled potatoes to a powder with a fork, add one teaspoonful of butter and one-half cup of hot cream or milk, or more if needed to make a creamy paste, then the beaten yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half saltspoonful of white pepper, and at the last whip in the stiffly frothed whites. Heap on a buttered pie plate, wash over with a little melted butter and brown lightly on the upper grating of the oven.

Ragamuffins.—Into one pint of sweet milk stir one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of butter, softened. Sift two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder with one quart of flour twice, stir in the milk mixture and roll out quickly with as little handling as possible; roll to about one-half inch thickness, spread over with one tablespoonful of of butter, sprinkle thickly with light brown sugar, and grate one-half of a nutmeg over all; roll as you would a sheet of music, and cut one-half inch thick; flour a large biscuit pan, lay in the muffins flat, and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. Serve warm with sifted sugar, or they are equally nice cold for S...bath evening tea.

Rice Pudding with Eggs.—One quart of milk four eggs, half a cupful of rice, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, and a handful of seeded raisins. Soak the rice in a pint of milk one hour, set the saucepan containing it where it will slowly heat to a boil. Boil five minutes, remove, and let cool. Beat the yolks, and add the sugar and butter, the rice and the milk in which it was cooked, with a pint of unboiled milk, the beaten whites and raisins. Grate nutmeg on top, and bake three-quarters of an hour. Eat cold.—'Good Housekeeping.'

Blackberry Pudding.—One pint of milk, three and a half cupfuls of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three eggs, one tablespoonful of salt, one pint of blackberries. Beat the eggs until light, then add the milk, next the flour and beat until smooth. Next add the melted butter, salt and baking powder. Wash and dry the berries, roll them in flour and stir into the pudding. Turn it into a well-buttered pudding mould, cover and place in a kettle of boiling water; boil for three hours. Serve with a good sauce.

Baked Eggs.—Beat smooth a cup of bread crumbs, seasoned to taste, with one-half a cup of milk. Spread on the bottom of a baking dish, break on top as many whole eggs as you require, and set in the oven a few minutes. Be careful not to spoil the shape of the eggs ,and remove from the oven as soon as they are set.

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